

adorn

13



I finally, finally, finally finished another issue of 'Adorn'. So, so, so much has changed in the past two years. A marriage, a divorce, two more years of college, some heavy diagnoses of my mental state, and pretty much a new life. But I'm back, and wanting to indulge in this life I had left behind.

Enjoy,  
Bree



Tya & Me







I think she's lived this life so many times before. I'm in love with the beauty of her wisdom... she is my comfort. Spending time with her reminds me that I am alive and capable of anything. She reminds me that taking chances are always worth the consequences... you will be alive.



my stomach is caving in and i feel like i'm fading away... I even sent you out of the house for a few hours to clear my head... I can't stop feeling like this, I can't stop wondering if I made a mistake, if I'm making this mistake every day. I feel like I know you, and even worse, I don't think you recognize me, I don't think you know. And it's so pitiful, because I'm like, thriving off the thrills I get when I'm around you. You don't know. I don't have a clue how to fix this fucked up situation. There is no situation in an actual real sense, so I can't even talk about this. And the one person I could think about bringing this up to would be as receptive as a brick wall. Condescending and pessimistic.

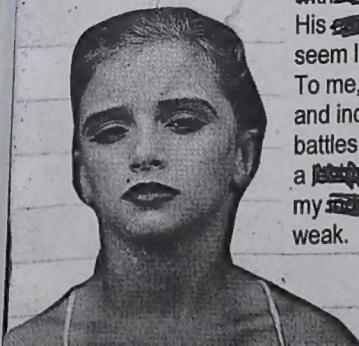
can't sit here alone anymore. I want this out in the open





During my year engagement, I had dozens of pieces of advice from anyone who was or had been married and felt it was their duty to school me on what marriage was actually like. And when I heard all of this advice, I knew that not all of it can be true and applicable to me, because I AM different, and our relationship was unique. And I wanted to listen to these people because they only wanted to give advice to help me, and for me to take their suggestions to heart. But after listening to so much, all it did was weigh my heart down. I felt like no matter what, there would be unavoidable problems in a marriage. Of course nothing is perfect, but all the advice was just depressing before the wedding... I didn't want a handbook! I wanted to jump in and experience this for myself with my life partner.

All of the advice I received has weighed heavily on our marriage, absolutely. In the back of mind, I am constantly weighing my options and attitude. Should I make ~~him~~ <sup>himself</sup> ~~because he works~~ and I didn't? Will I be a ~~girl~~ <sup>“girl”</sup> ~~if I go away for a weekend~~ without him? Is it my duty to ~~put~~ his life before mine? His ~~career~~? His ~~family~~? So many of these ~~questions~~ seem like they have ~~simple~~ answers, but ~~they are~~. To me, there is such a ~~line~~ <sup>line</sup> between submission and independence when being ~~strong~~. I pick my battles as far as what I will and will not do, and I have a ~~strong, loving husband~~ who is ultra ~~supportive~~ of my ~~independence~~ to ~~remain~~ my strength when I feel weak.



Walking down stairs to the subway, a breeze was ruffling my bouncy skirt, so I yelled for Tya to "Look!" and by the time she turned, a full on gust came

ELEVATORS STREET

STAIRWAY TO STR

THESE ELEVATORS ARE FOR  
THE SOLE USE OF PASSENGERS  
TO & FROM THE SUBWAY STATION

SP  
On the  
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blowing through, and sent my skirt well above my waist level, giving a mighty peep show for everyone of my undies. It was fabulous.



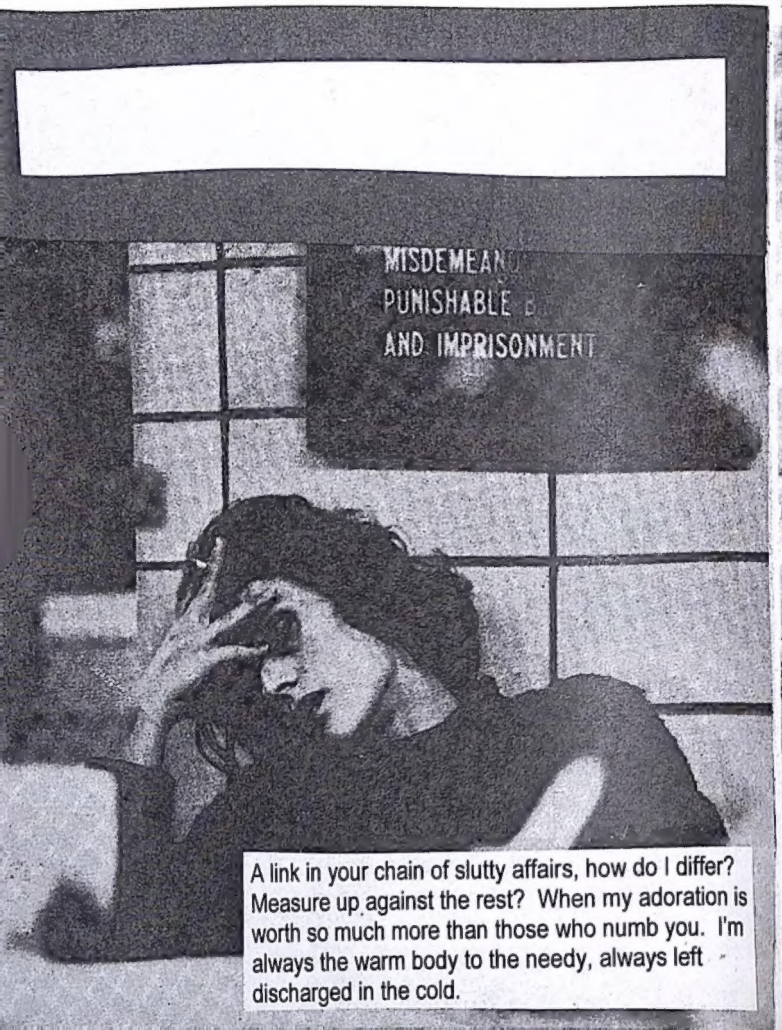


So, my advice to any soon-to-be blushing brides, share you life in

ways that ultimately make YOU happy and comfortable. Your

comfort will transpire to your partner, and everything else will fall into place. That's a piece of advice I try to tell myself every

day.



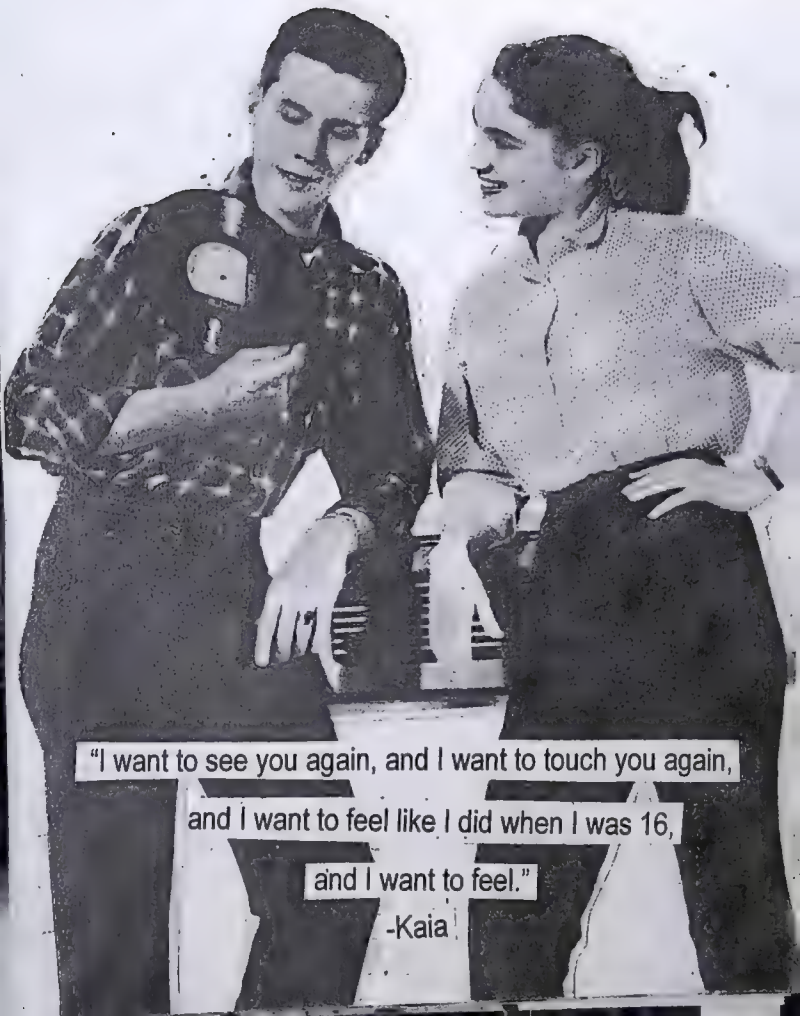
WISDEMEAND  
PUNISHABLE B  
AND IMPRISONMENT

A link in your chain of slutty affairs, how do I differ?  
Measure up against the rest? When my adoration is  
worth so much more than those who numb you. I'm  
always the warm body to the needy, always left  
discharged in the cold.



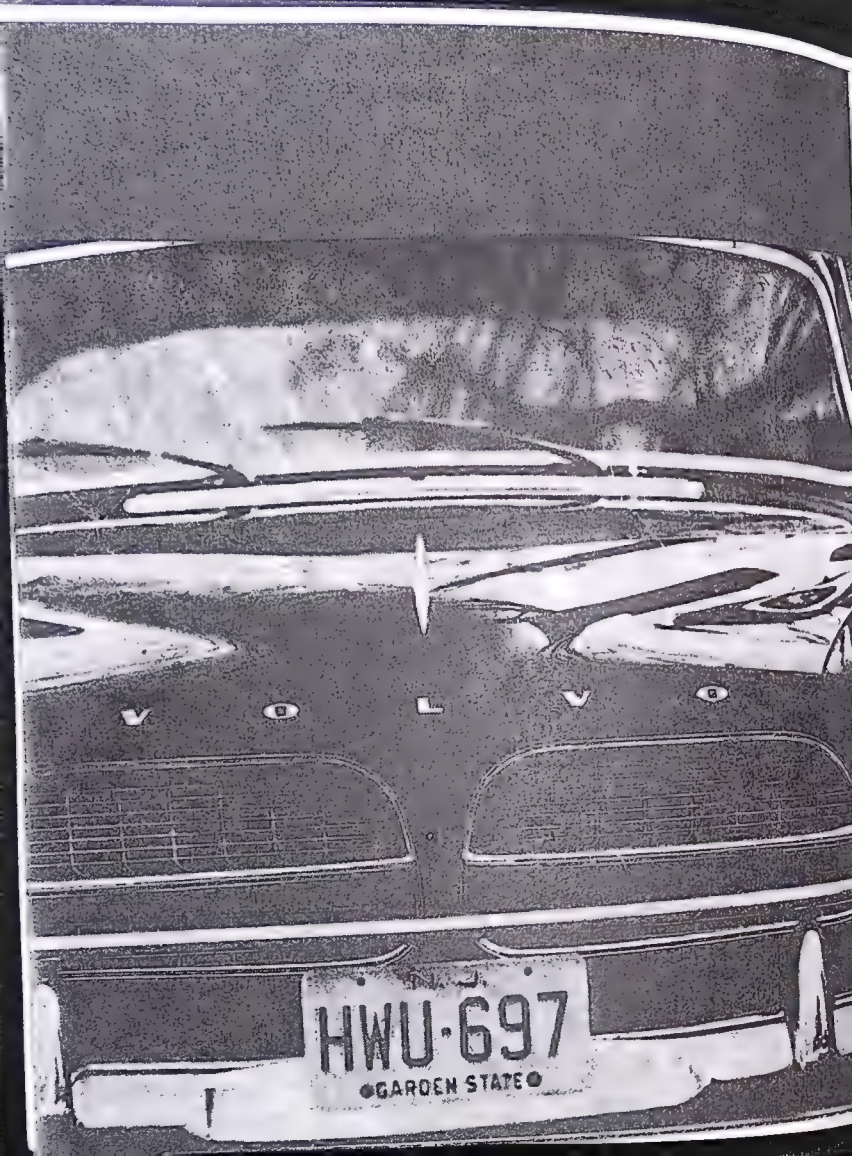






"I want to see you again, and I want to touch you again,  
and I want to feel like I did when I was 16,  
and I want to feel."

-Kaia



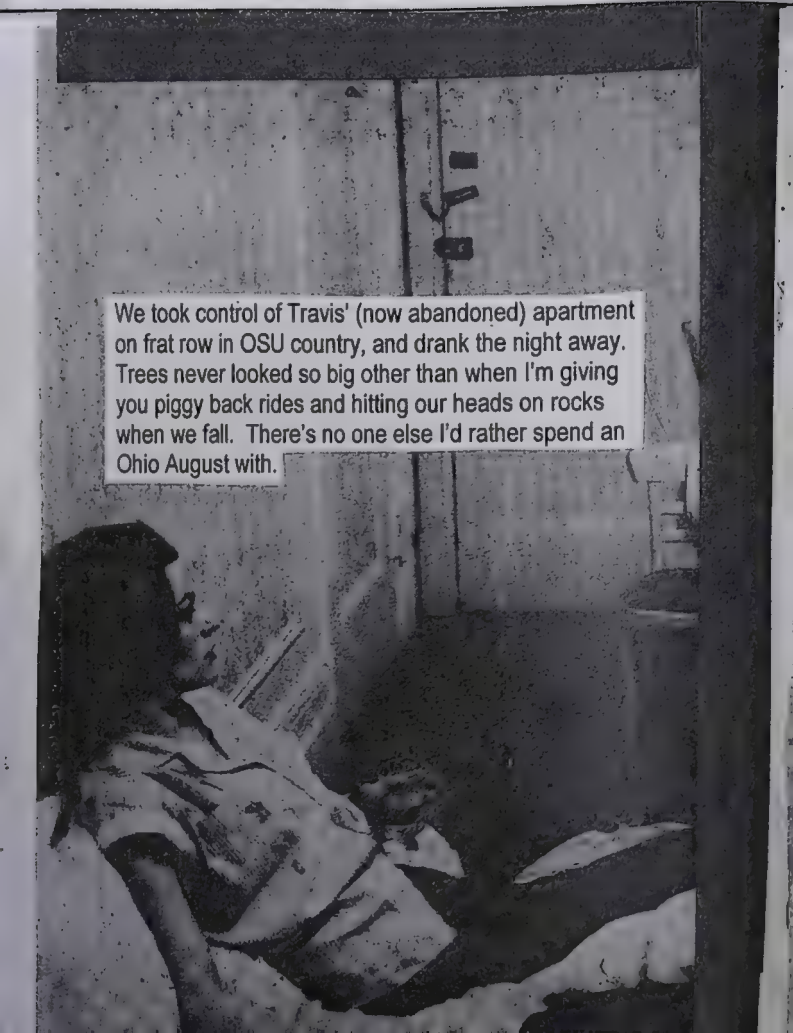
HWU-697

GARDEN STATE



A diagnostic explanation explains nothing.  
I feel nothing when you're finished with me.



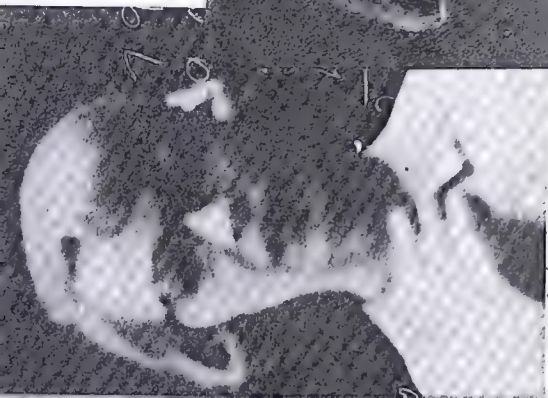
A grainy, black and white photograph of a person lying on a bed in a room. The person is wearing a light-colored, patterned shirt and is lying on their side, facing away from the camera. The room has a window with a curtain and a door in the background. The text is overlaid on the image.

We took control of Travis' (now abandoned) apartment on frat row in OSU country, and drank the night away. Trees never looked so big other than when I'm giving you piggy back rides and hitting our heads on rocks when we fall. There's no one else I'd rather spend an Ohio August with.

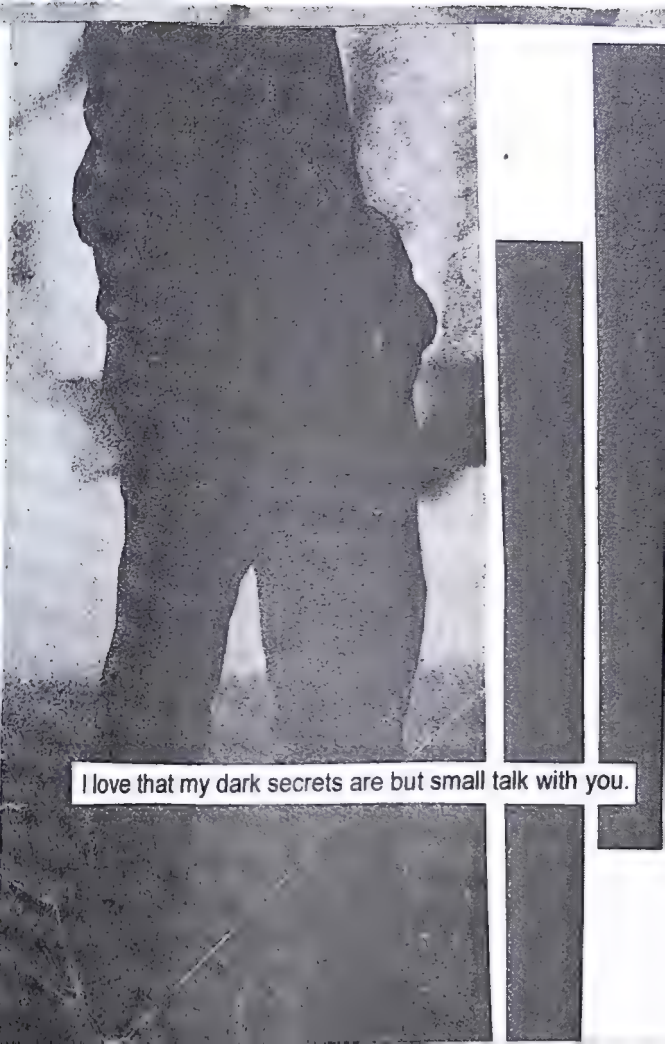
Your interests only lie within the boundaries of  
manipulation. One divided by fifty four is  
0.18518518518518518518518518518519



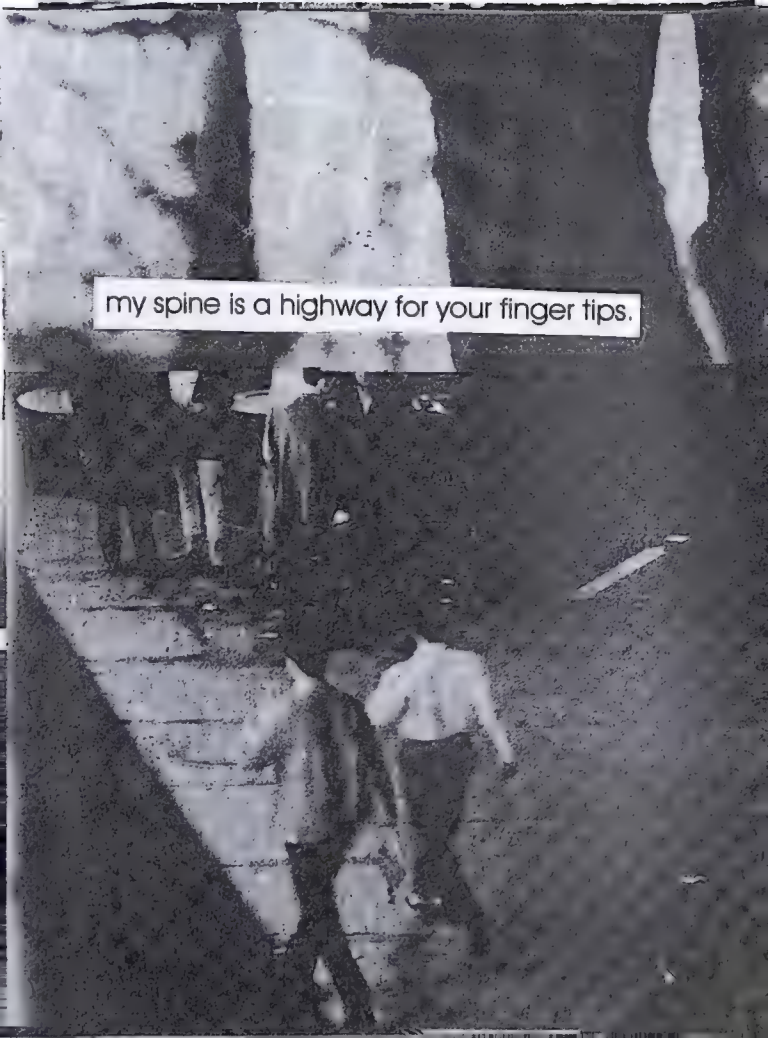




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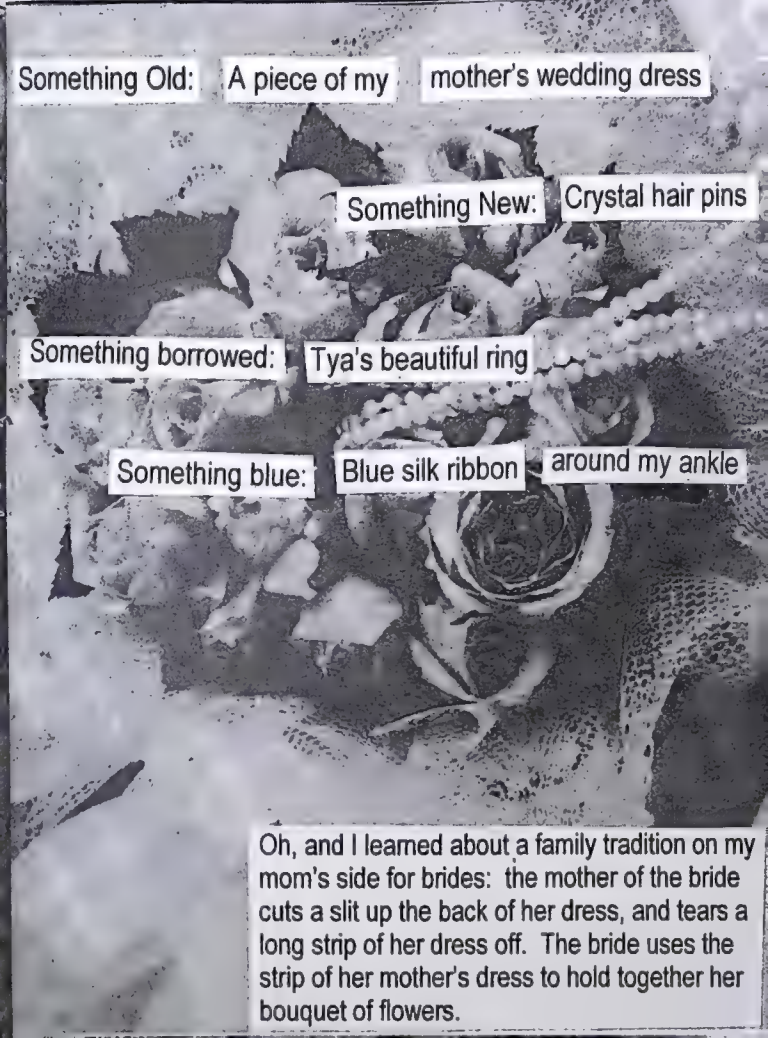


I love that my dark secrets are but small talk with you.



my spine is a highway for your finger tips.





Something Old: A piece of my mother's wedding dress

Something New: Crystal hair pins

Something borrowed: Tya's beautiful ring

Something blue: Blue silk ribbon around my ankle

Oh, and I learned about a family tradition on my mom's side for brides: the mother of the bride cuts a slit up the back of her dress, and tears a long strip of her dress off. The bride uses the strip of her mother's dress to hold together her bouquet of flowers.

I miss my old friends... I want to know what they're

doing with their lives... it's weird, i never thought they'd

be different from mine...





On your black couch, the three of us lined up together snug as bugs. We eat cotton candy and philosophize bad late night TV and being so stupid never felt so intelligent. I feel old with you... like I've aged underwater.



i can't stop gushing... and thinking about you...  
feeling this kind of rush again, the crush rush. i  
know i wont sleep, tonight tommorow... lets kiss  
kiss kiss....

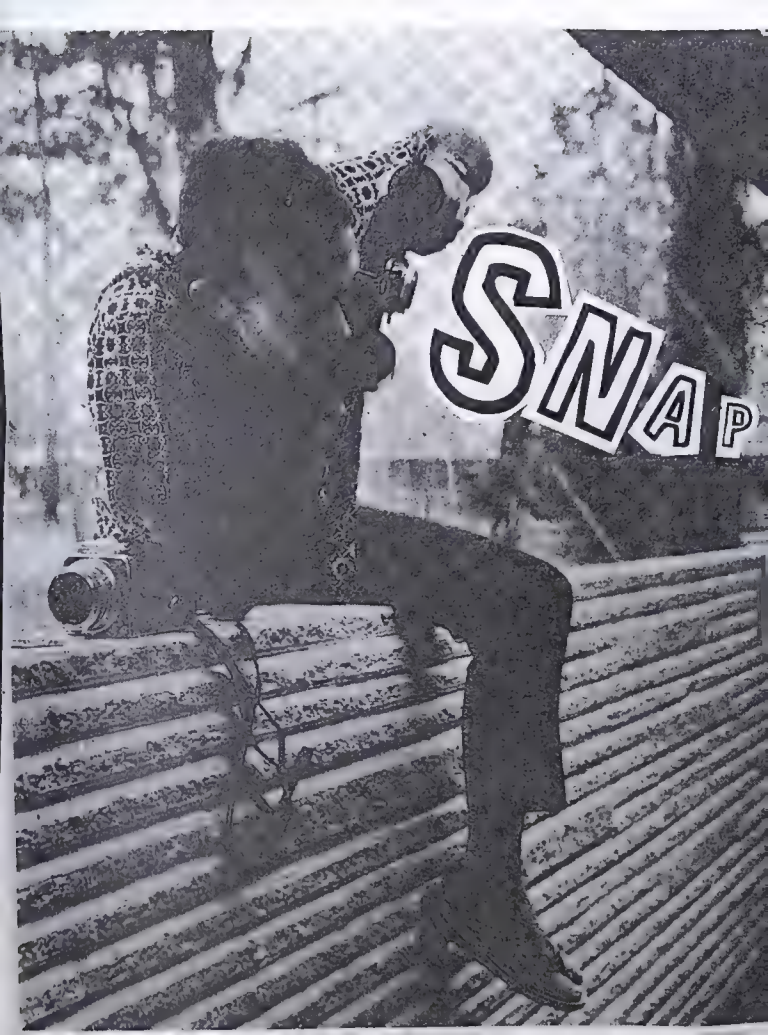




You know me better in six days than anyone has known me in twenty years. You're the muse, the miracle worker that I didn't even know I needed. Connect with my truths, experience me.







SNAP



This summer I walked on the  
coastlines of the Pacific and  
the Atlantic oceans.



don't you know it aint gonna last, of course,  
you know it makes no difference to me

I saw Built to Spill for the first time last night and it was really, really great. I feel like some part of adolescence is wrapped up and tied together in this neat little package now that I've seen them live. But now I'm also, like, super charged with desire to see and listen and be absorbed by them even more. I got to the Agora mega early to guard a perfect table (I was the very first one through the door in the venue, almost two hours early, which sounds crazy... because it IS crazy) for other friends coming. The whole night, my brother, Bill, and John kept squeezing my hand, smiling at me, "So this is like, the best moment of you life, right?"





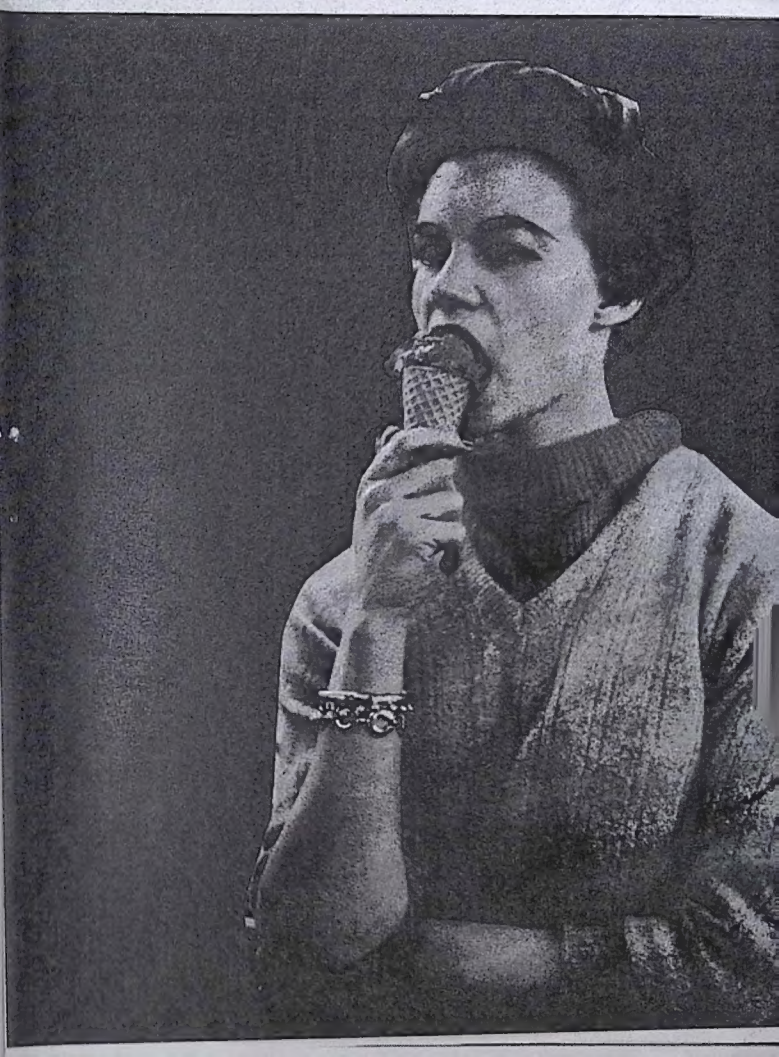
In a totally cliché way, I feel that I could tell you anything. I never feel rushed, or pushed for your chance to talk... a comfortable pace of your efforts to listen. To listen. How many actually do? No one like you.




[REDACTED]

I have this ball of cement, weighing me down..... and maybe I'm confusing this with the flu or maybe I just know I should quit hoping... honestly, it's no coincidence that I'm awake at 2am on your mom's couch, when you're awake in the next room. I even had the balls to walk in there and talk to you last night about Friday, and you had already forgotten you'd said yes, you'd go, and now you're obviously backing out. I wish you'd quit being so goddamn oblivious and see that I'm RIGHT HERE, and I want to connect.







(goodbye)



This (possibly last) issue is absolutely dedicated to my dearest friends: Tya and Aly. For all your support in the severing of the unhealthy and the attachment to the new and healthy unknown. Also, major thanks to Derek, Diego and Lena for being fabulous.



Aly & Me



Derek

www.ghostmail.com

Finished February 2006

Bree Friend

